La. Why then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,
The which thou once did bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloudie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Dost graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou mayst be damnd for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen, that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kinde incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer indure sweet beauties wracke,

You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art bo
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then h
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why that was he.
Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better natu
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere. *She spitteth at him.*
Why dost thou spit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fouler toade,
Out of my sight, thou dost infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady, haue infected min
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee de
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Those eies of thine, from mine haue drawne salt tea
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
I neuer sued to friend nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing wo
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee;
My proude heart sues, and prompts my tongue to sp
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,